

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

S. M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor

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The Bloomfield Record.

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Space.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.	10th.
1 inch	25	20	15	10	5	5	5	5	5	5
2 inch	40	30	20	15	10	5	5	5	5	5
3 inch	55	40	30	20	15	10	5	5	5	5
4 inch	70	50	40	30	20	15	10	5	5	5
5 inch	85	60	50	40	30	20	15	10	5	5
6 inch	100	70	60	50	40	30	20	15	10	5
7 inch	115	80	70	60	50	40	30	20	15	10
8 inch	130	90	80	70	60	50	40	30	20	15
9 inch	145	100	90	80	70	60	50	40	30	20
10 inch	160	110	100	90	80	70	60	50	40	30

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Fresh Scissorings.

—Don't trust your "sweet" letters to a mutual friend.
—Chicago's latest claim to fame is that of being the most uninteresting city in the world.
—Two Atlanta professors, who recently tried a mule steak, pronounced it finer than real beef.
—Great sensation in Norristown, Penn. Elopement. Wealthy citizen's daughter. Colored coachman.
—A sign at Benson's Station, on the Erie Railway, reads: "Cane-bottom chairs are re-fixed and re-bottomed inside."
—An apple sold to be the largest ever ripened in the United States has been picked in Nebraska. It weighs 29 3/4 ounces.
—If you have a rat, prepare to shed them now. A Davenport (Iowa) man lately shipped 2,800 barrels of onions for the East. Profit, \$1.60 per barrel.
—A lightning rod, which was put up under the personal supervision of Benjamin Franklin, in 1782, remains still upon a hotel in New Hampshire.
—A man and his wife, he 87 years old and she 95, were fined for drunkenness in Oakland, Cal., the other day. Such people should be cared for until they come to years of discretion.
—A little girl who was watching the balloon ascension at Westbury, Me., suddenly exclaimed: "Mamma, I shouldn't think God would like to have that man go up to heaven alive."
—A touching eulogy of an eminent citizen of a neighboring village concludes as follows: "With the exception of the fact that twenty years ago he took lessons on the fiddle his life was blameless."
The Rochester Union propounds a counterclaim. It says that Mr. Poland tried to stop a printing press by putting his finger in a cogwheel. The press, very singularly, went right on and where is Mr. Poland now?

A Rhode Island clergyman says that meeting a good woman after a great railway horror, she exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. —, such a terrible thing has happened! The engine and cars on the road collapsed, and before they could excrete the passengers twenty of them were suffocated."

Too late!—The way men put off important matters to the last moment is one of the curious things in nature. The 6th concert in aid of the Public Library of Kentucky was advertised to take place July 31. The day after, August 1, Gov. Bramlette, the mayor, at Louisville, received over \$50,000 for the fair. Had the drawing taken place at that time the governor would have had to send this money back, but as the concert was postponed to November 20, it was all right with them. We presume that on the first day of December next the day after the concert, thousands of dollars will be received, one day too late, for they will be no further post payment. This money might just as well have been sent a week before, as when it was.

Miss Emma Hulse was recently summoned to the dying bedside of a young gentleman of Bloomfield, with whom she was about to be married and to whom European bridal tours, in compliance with his request they were united an hour before his death, and the maid-wife widow has now returned to Michigan the possessor of the very considerable worldly goods of the departed bridegroom.

Modern Orthodoxy—A Rational View of Hell.

It is only a human religion such as that of Buddha, or Thor, or Jupiter, that may fear the growth of intelligence, and that may fade as the light of reason dawns; but of a religion from God, given by inspiration, the first distinguishing principle must be that it will reveal its reasonableness as fast as man unfolds his own intelligence, and still become more glorious where there is the most culture. The medieval Christianity having been disfigured by ignorance and superstition, the subsequent growth of religion had to express itself in infidelity. When the blackest of blackness came to mankind, and his frightful pictures became the theology of the church, sweeping through Romanism over into Protestantism until Edwards says God will flash the sinner down on hell's floor and stamp upon him; then infidelity must follow, not simply to save a man from such horrors, but to rescue God's blessed name from such unspeakable infamy. In such a hell as Dante's, it is not man that is punished—it is God that is destroyed. From such ideas we must fly to a more reasonable religion carrying the cross and our holy faith away from such a degradation. We must, indeed, separate forever the righteous and the wicked: but, as the drunkard is punished in this world, and the murderer awaits his arrest, without blaming God as the cause of his own wickedness and does not reproach the Creator, so the lost world is a place, not where God is seen as a cruel monster, but where the human free will stands forth in all its divine powers, and reveals a self-punishment over which he can almost imagine the Heavenly Father himself to shed tears. Such is the perdition of reason—a place not where the Saviour and God become an inquisition, but where the sinner's own will and own heart have woven themselves garments of perpetual sackcloth, and where the tears of sorrow fall not from a malicious deity of God, passed from eternity, but from the sinner's own wretched soul and mispent life. Thus, overallmost every idea of the Christian religion, there is living a drapery of reason from the God of infinite wisdom, and beautiful to man, the image of the Father and God.

Stealing Postage Stamps.

Private detectives were recently engaged by a mercantile firm in New York to watch their employees, with the object of discovering what became of the large number of postage stamps consumed daily. The detective finally discovered the real perpetrators of the thefts. Some days ago Detective Rococo was directed to "shadow" a small boy who had just come out of the office of a well-known firm. He was one of the messenger boys of the firm. The detective followed him from point to point, until at length he saw him go to the iron fence in front of the old Dutch Church, Fulton and William streets, and speak to an old man. Soon the boy left the old man, and going toward the end of the fence put something into a carpet bag, which he opened half way. Then he approached the old man, and the detective, who by this time was in hearing—heard him say, "Ten three." The old man did not go to the first carpet bag to verify the account, but went to second carpet bag and took out twenty cents, which he handed to the boy. This business was carried on by the old man and numerous boys day after day. Some boys came more than once a day, and at every visit they were seen to deposit something in the first carpet bag and receive money out of the other from the old man. At 4 o'clock every evening the detectives saw the old man take his two carpet-bags to the Ann street entrance of the church, open the door, and leave them within.

It was only after many days of close watching that these facts were ascertained. Meanwhile the detectives had arrested several of the boys, most of whom were very young, and had procured confessions of their guilt and that of the venerable receiver of stolen goods and tempter of youth.

They found that more than sixty firms had been daily victimized in sums ranging from thirty cents to three dollars a day, by thefts of postage stamps, and also that the old man had between forty and fifty regular customers who did business with him daily in the manner already described. Beyond this they found that the old man had been carrying on the business for more than four years, daily tempting new recruits to his nefarious traffic. The sign hung up on the fence read: "Postage stamps, old coins, postal cards, and mutilated currency bought," but the detectives say that in the many days they watched the old man they never saw him buy or sell an old penny. His business, they say, was confined to buying postage stamps. He was committed to the Tombs on a charge of receiving stolen goods.

AMBER.—Amber ornaments are once more coming into vogue. As is well known, this is a fossil resin of various extinct species of trees allied to the firs and pines of the present age. It is obtained chiefly on the shores of the Baltic, between Königsberg and Memel. Slightly tough, a shallow amber can be cut under a very horizontal stroke of a sharp sand or steel tooling, and it is the most beautiful of all transparent substances. The varieties in color and transparency are very numerous, and the Prussians produce many objects of taste and utility from the article.

Don't-Pray Don't.

Don't tell the little one, who may be slightly willful, that "the black man will come out of the dark cellar and carry it off if it does not mind." Don't create a need less fear to go with the child through all the stages of its existence.
Don't tell the little five-year old Jimmy "the school man will cut off his ears" "pull out his teeth" "tie him up"—or any of the horrible stories that are commonly presented to the childish imagination. Think you the little one will believe anything you tell him after he becomes acquainted with the gentle teacher who has not the least idea of putting those terrible threats into execution?

Don't tell the children they must not drink tea because it will make them black, while you continue the use of it daily. Your example is more to them than precept; while your face is as fair as a June morning, they will scarcely credit the oft-told tale. Either give up drinking the pleasant beverage, or give your children a better reason for its non-use.

Don't tell the sick one that the medicine is not bad to take, when you can hardly keep your own stomach from turning "inside out" at the smell of it. Better by far tell him the simple truth, that it is disagreeable, but necessary for his health, that you desire him to take it at once. Ten to one he will swallow it with half the trouble of coaxing and worry of words; and love you better for your firm, decided manner.

Don't teach the children by example to tell white lies to each other and to their neighbors. Guard your lips and bridle your tongue if you desire to have the coming generation truthful. Truthfulness is one of the foundation stones of heaven. Remember the old, old book says, "no liar" shall enter within the gates of the beautiful city. There is no distinction between white lies and those of a darker hue. A falsehood is an untruth, whether the matter be great or small.

ALLOWING CHILDREN TO PLAY ON SUNDAY.

—If the play of little children is in itself innocent, and not of a nature to disturb others, it is a serious question for some people as to whether it is not a duty to let them play on the Sabbath? But the example, says one, "The example of what it should be. It is an example of 'sweet reasonableness,' worthy of imitation. It is not an example of worldly buying and selling, or of reveling, or unseemly rioting. So far from conflicting with the grand old fundamental rule of love to God and one's neighbor, may and should be made a means of promoting both. The plays of children are their best opportunities of learning the Golden Rule; while, on the other hand, let any parent strictly forbid playing of any sort, and enforce an unnatural quietness of conduct, "because it is God's holy day," and the unreasonable (?) little soul straightway rises in open rebellion. "Oh, I wish it was Monday. I hate Sunday," because I can't do anything I like on Sunday." In polemics, whenever an argument proves to much, it proves nothing and falls to the ground. So in the settlement of the Sunday question, a Jewish or Puritan interpretation in behalf of the little ones is only a stone of stumbling and a rock of offense, a bar to all real settlement of this momentous question. Who that ponders this subject does not feel forebodings as to the Sunday of the future? And, as the children of to-day will, to-morrow, hold in their hands the power over these questions of the morals of America, let us be wise enough to implant in their hearts a genuine love, and therefore true reverence for that pearl of all days. Let us "take heed that we offend not one of these little ones."—Independent.

A SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—The Chicago papers have reported the sudden death of an old lady named Wagner. She was standing at the front door of her daughter's house, chatting with her little grandson, who was playing in the yard, when she received a bullet which passed entirely through her body. The wound was fatal, and she was soon dead. There was no one in sight at the time, and where the bullet came from was a mystery. Subsequently it was reported by a boy who had been out on the prairie feeding cows that two policemen had been practicing pistol-shooting at a mark. The policemen were hunted up, and acknowledged the fact, and one of them stated that one of the bullets missed the mark. But what made the case more remarkable was the fact that the distance from the point where the policemen stood when firing to the point where Mrs. Wagner stood when killed was not less than 700 feet. The coroner gave the matter his closest attention. It was claimed that the natural depression of the land would have brought it to the ground-level, and it could have gone 700 feet, even supposing it could have been projected that far at all. Several gunmakers testified as experts, and convinced not only the coroner but the jury that that particular pistol could project a ball that distance, and even farther, and with sufficient force to kill a human being. The lady was an excellent woman, and her death sudden and shocking. The only punishment which can be inflicted upon the policemen is that of a fine for firing inside the city limits.

Gossip for the Ladies.

—Worth is a modiste man.
—The most stylish felt hats are sailor shape.
—Good places for matchmaking—Sulphur springs.
—There are 150 postmistresses in Pennsylvania.
—Bows are worn right on the back of the neck.
—The finest dress goods for winter are in natural brown and gray shades.
—The newest thing in earrings is champagne bottles in miniature. They are of Roman gold.
—"High, bold and daring," is what the men say of the new bonnet. The ladies call them "loves".

—Forty per cent of the school girls in Indiana, are named Maria; half of them call themselves Maria; and the other half Mari.
—The crinoid suits fit as if moulded to the figure and are very elegant. All the fashion authorities predict that they will be generally worn this season.

—Two young ladies holding converse over a new dress "And does it fit well?" asked one. "Fit! Yes, as if I had been melted and poured in."
—Susan, how in the world did you ever marry that brute?" "Oh, I don't know, Jane. I used to pick lint off his coat collar, and he fell in love with me."

—Twelve nuns made their final vows, ten novices received the black veil and five young ladies took the white veil at the convent of Lorette, in Lebanon, Ky., a few days ago.
—As she rolled up her sleeves and looked hard at a big basket of tomatoes, she remarked: "There's get up, pay up, bang up, go up, stop up and climb up, but here goes for catnap."

—There is a Chicago medium who can pour blazing coal oil over her face without burning herself, because she is possessed by the spirit of an Indian girl who was frozen to death.
—Somebody says that husbands are to blame for most of the miseries of married life. Very likely. But the proposal to abolish husbands does not meet with much favor from the wives, nevertheless.

—A lady living in Cannon Falls, Minn., has reason to congratulate herself upon her love of flowers. At the beginning of the season she had planted some morning-glories outside of her house, which sent up a network of thorny vines. The other day a story window, and was saved probably from death by catching on the intervening tendrils, and thus having the force of his full broken.

OLD TIME BONNETS AGAIN.—A correspondent of the Chicago Journal says: "A startling announcement from Paris will interest your lady readers. The new style of headgear is to be the old-fashioned bonnet, with brims, crowns, strings, and, perhaps, curtains. It appears that the conclusion has been reached that the prevalence of neuralgia and kindred diseases, unknown comparatively a few years ago, has been due to the fashion of leaving the head, neck, ears and throat without any protection. The large number of weak eyes is also attributed to the want of shade afforded by the fall or curtain. I am afraid, however, that the argument will not hold good, for neuralgia is almost as common a complaint with men as with women, and we certainly have made no change in the chimney-pot constructions we call hats."

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